

Sol in Ascendente.

O R,

The glorious Appearance of

CHARLES the Second,

Upon the Horizon of *London*: in her Ho-
roscopical Sign, *Gemini*.

ANd now the Nights dire Tragedies are done,
Woes are dissolv'd to Bliss, we have out-run
The Ills, that did pursue us in fierce chase;
And softer Revels do possess their place.
What Peace old *Rome* saw in *Augustus* dayes,
Will *England* feel, while CHARLES shall wear the Bayes,
For Heav'n has held her peace, rowse up, then rise!
Let not dull sleep seize on your sluggish eyes;
Awake! and greet this Calm; these gentle Gales,
(Swell'd with rich Air) invites to spread our sails.

What though the cipl'd Heav'n has seem'd to trace,
No other Motion, then lame *Saturn's* pace;
Yet now behold! the lingring Hours at last,
Shake off those Weights, that on their Feet were plac'd:
And th' *Morn* is fully rose, from yon dark Rocks,
Pleas'd with the coolness of her moistned Locks;

A 2

But

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O R,

The glorious Appearance

O F

CHARLES the Second,

U P O N

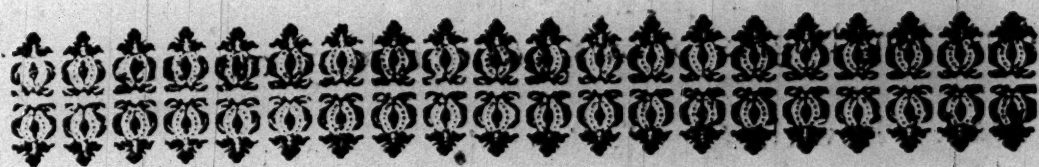
The Horizon of *London*, in her Horosco-
picall Sign, *Gemini*.



*Fam vaga cælo sidera fulgens,
Aurora fugat; surgit Titan
Radiante coma, mundoque diem
Reddit clarum.*

London, Printed for N. Brook, at the Angel in Cornhill. 1660.





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But erst imbathed in the dewy tears,
Which long Nights sorrows, pressed through our tears.

Mark ! how the Clouds disband, how they retire,
To see our Heav'n arch'd o're, with this bright fire ;
How yon declining Moon, (conscious of Ill)
Sets with a wasting paleness ; and how still
The charmed Windes are in their several flights ;
How all those numberless tumultuous Lights,
Which twinkling look, as struck with trembling fear,
Shrink in their sockets ; dye, now th' *Sun* draws near.
Observe ! instead of Clouds, how th' fresher Air
Inwraps us round, with its preserving care ;
And the forgotten glory of our *Sun*,
Which here comes riding on our Horizon,
Does like a lucky *Planet*, fix his Beam
On the Ascendant, of the Kingdoms Scheam.

See ! see ! our *Phæbus*, who ith' Sea was pent,
His Steeds unharnest, and to grazing sent ;
His Chariot set aside, and what he chose
For rest, became disturbance, not repose,
Awakes ! his Generous Horses curl their Mains,
And Champ their Bits ; hee's mounted, handling's Reins,
Throwing his usual glories round his Face,
And making ready for a second Race.

Behold ! his Chariot cuts the Eastern line,
And his Serener Brows with Glory shine,
Deckt in refulgent lustre round about :
Thus th' *Sun*, at first cleft Heav'n, and so brake out.

See ! Glories arch His Crown, Majestick Grace,
With Mistle wreathes, his Temples do imbrace ;

All

All sacred Lustre from about him sheds,
 Fame rides before, and circularly spreads
 From her select collections, what's most due
 To his so great Deserts, and Patience too.
 Whilst Heav'n it self breaks through his lovely Smile;
 Thus looks th' auspicious *Fortune* of this Isle.

They are his Native Rayes, that render bright
 This *Morn*, and dress it with Celestial Light;
 Whose all-attracting power sucks up the Dew,
 That new bogotten Gladness sends unto
 Our eyes; which (Hallowed) is let fall agen,
 To shelter us from Devils, and worser men.

Lo! Heav'n has now subscrib'd to our request,
 Here with a glorious *Sun* we all are blest;
 Whilst the Nights guilty shadows sneak away
 Back to their Cave, at this approach of day.
 Let's then no more our wither'd Joyes lament,
 Let sadness be condemn'd to Banishment;
 And Mis'ry cease to grinde: let's pay our Vowes,
 And strow our streets with peaceful Olive Boughs:
 Of whose fair Trunks new Gates let us prepare
 For *Janus* Temple, to shut out fierce War,
 And keep in Peace; whilst due obedience shall
 Our Bosoms fill, ne're to know Ebb at all.

But first, all cordial greetings we must pay,
 From our devotest souls to this blest *Day*;
 Next to our *Sun*, such just observance give
 As his great worth deserves: then pray to live
 To see Meridian Beams dance on his Crown,
 And full blown Glories, shine about his Throne.

B

And

And since that Heaven thus smiles, let each full soul,
 Unlade such thanks, may rise above controul;
 Unfold free welcomes, to imbrace this *Morn*;
 And to those forward joyes, which are new borne
 In Loyal hearts, force passage to each Tongue,
 Venting the Acclamations thither throng.
 Let's kiss the *Hand*, that steer'd Affairs to this,
 Let's bless those Eyes, to see this hour did wish:
 Esteem it dear as heav'n which sent it, such
 As our Devotions cannot praise too much.
 Repeat these Blessings while there is a day,
 Which this Moneth brought, with Ills it took away;
 And date our Records hence, make them retain
 Force and effect from *CHARLES the Second's Reign*:
 Let's in all gladsome looks our faces dress,
 All grateful welcomes let our hearts express;
 Daring such spirits from each greedy eye,
 By whose reflection he our loves may spye:
 Nor can he by a better Medium finde,
 How strongly we to duty are inclin'd;
 Unless we were all eyes, that so each part
 Being fill'd with eyes, might all become one heart.

Yet see! and let's wear out our eyes in view
 Of his fair looks, Fare doth to us renew;
 (Pleading to heav'n) yea, let's Anticipate,
 What forward gratitude can yet create:
 And like to *Troies*, bring all our wealth on shore,
 Our *Cabinets*, lay out our store,
 Watch them upon our brows, and make them grow
 As the *Sands*, whose number none can know.
 Let's set this *Vere* with a full spread sail,
 For who can in strife of joy prevail:

Kiss

Kiss Heav'n with thanks, and make our hearty cries,
Roll round in Ecchoes, pierc'd the arched skies.

Look with what conquering Aspect he returns,
Foarding the hearts of all he sees ; and mourns
At nought so much, as those wan looks which we
(And our black night) tann'd with disloyalty.
That gracious *Face* we view through humble Tears,
Brings healing to the wounds of these late years :
Nor need we doubt, our great *Apollo* will
Secure this *Island* with his ablest skill
Like *Delas*, (to requite his nursing years)
From all assaults of future storms and Fears.

For see ! he comes off'ring Oblivion,
Forgetful of what's past, or lost, or done ;
Cloath'd with the general Good, (that weighty Care)
Attended with those thoughts that pitious are,
Bringing along all Charmes, to still our Fears ;
Fill'd with ripe knowledge, of experienc't years ;
Able to poise all Interests, quit each score,
To stanch that waste of Blood long running o're,
And cure our rankled wounds ; if we'l but sip,
That healing Balsom, droppeth from his Lip :
In fine, here comes *the close of all debate*,
Worthy to mannage a far greater State.

'Tis true, he has been plundred o're and o're,
And little left, but what might stile him poor ;
Yet is his stock of favours not impair'd,
There's plenty left for those deserve reward ;
His wiser judgement can most clearly see,
The fitting due's, belong to each degree :

And

And happy we, that once again behold,
His just Authority himself infold;
Which ne're shall alter him, unless his Power
Rise up to's will, to do us good each houre.

What thoughts dare then deny this *Sun* his Rayes,
Who is the Spring and Fountain of our dayes;
The brightest Eye, of this our little world;
Whose spreading Radý in rich glories curl'd,
Grow from his own essential light; their power
Raifeth the lustre, of this growing hour.
From these all-glorious Beams, on us shall shine
The light of Peace, and Happiness Divine;
Even all those Halcion dayes we once beheld,
When our replenish't Cornucopia's swell'd.

Since then his *Fate*, has gain'd the *Easterne light*,
May it recover the *Meridian height*;
Whilst all good Fortunes lead him to that *Hill*,
And further him from good, to better still:
May Heav'n, which did through Clouds, his sufferings mark,
And with Compassion view'd his sinking Bark,
Ne're leave him till *Astrea* right his wrongs,
Fully restoring what to him belongs:
Then place him like *Olympus* lofty Rocks,
That kiss the Heav'ns, and mount above those flocks
Of under storms, would toss him to and fro,
With their false byast Guests; for we must know
Justice can ne're be evenly render'd, till
He like the *Sun* in his *Meridian* dwell.

F I N I S.